

THE QUIVER

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(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"I met her by the yard gate, in her simple working dress."—p. 119.

JUDAS THE TYPE OF SELF-DECEPTION.

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THE two apostles of the name of Jude or Judas—for the names are identical—present another instance of duplicates among the Twelve, like the two Simons and the two Jameses. The

final act of ingrate perfidy by which the career of Judas was foreclosed, almost shades out of view the uniform baseness by which it seems to have been always preceded. We have no record of

the circumstances under which Judas—the only apostolic name to which “Saint” is never prefixed—was called among the Twelve. Judging from his characteristic self-obtrusive prominence on all occasions, it is not improbable he may have offered himself, though “chosen” by his Master. The chief difficulty lies in the reason of his being called at all, when He who knew what was in man affirmed of him: “Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?”—i.e., a betrayer—and that notwithstanding my elective grace.” It is obvious that Judas was, as our Lord perceived, an apostate from the first, as it is asserted, “He knew from the beginning who it was should betray him.” If so, why choose a betrayer? The fact impresses on us the sacred maxim, “He giveth none account of his matters.” “His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.” One fact may be premised: Christ’s prescience did not compel the treachery of Judas. He might have repented of his purpose under that touching expostulation which, though addressed to all the apostles, was evidently meant for his special warning: “Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me;” when each of them—except Judas—asked for himself, “Lord, is it I?” Jesus added another and more awful warning, “Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.” Then Judas—and not till then—answered and said, “Master, is it I?” and Jesus, at last, distinctly pointed out the traitor to himself, if not to all the rest, by the reply, “Thou hast said. It is so as you say. You have betrayed yourself by the impossibility of your concealing your guilty purpose of betraying me.”

Was there one of the Twelve permitted to betray his Lord, to put the rest upon their guard—to intercept the idolatrous spirit which was foreseen in the Church which thereafter made of the apostles graven images on earth, and equally imaginary mediators in heaven, and which, in a somewhat more refined species of constructive idolatry, pleads what is, or is supposed to be, apostolic, rather than what is simply Scriptural, and on that account Divine? Or was it to show forth in backsliding Judas all that long-suffering which bore with the traitor, pleaded with him, warned, and wooed, and would have won him up to the very threshold of his treason? nay, even after its first overt act, when the inexhaustible mercy of the Saviour addressed him in those affecting words—words which we marvel even a Judas could have withstood: “Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?” At all events, two lessons are assuredly taught by the case of Judas—viz., first, that the opportunity of salvation is withheld from no man, however base and unprincipled; and, secondly, that no opportunity,

however distinguished by its outward privileges, will of itself secure the salvation of any man, apart from the grace of God’s Holy Spirit. In illustration of the previous baseness of Judas, we may refer to the incident in John xii., of Mary’s anointing our Lord’s feet with the ointment, which Judas urged should have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor; “not,” as the Evangelist adds, “that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare” (or rather, stole) “what was put therein.” This was a bad beginning. This man, who was faithless to his minor trust, as the treasurer of the common sustentation fund of his Lord and fellow-disciples, was serving a dark apprenticeship to the deeper villany which he perpetrated at last. It is always so. The clerk or the apprentice who commences a course of crime with paltry pilferings, gradually casehardens his conscience up to the commission of some enormous fraud, which finally detects and ruins him. The awful warning of the life of Judas could not have been so complete and normal, had the detection of the previous robberies of the bag been omitted. We know not when, or by whom, the discovery was made. We have few particulars of his history. He was surnamed “Iscariot,” *ish-Kerioth*, i.e., a man of Kerioth, the city of Judah (Josh. xv., 25), whence he may have come; or else, as some suggest, *iscara*, signifying “strangulation,” he may have received the appellation after he had hanged himself—gibbeting his name to eternal infamy, and possibly to prevent his being ever identified with the other Jude, or Judas, our Lord’s brother. The translation of Matt. x. 4, “And Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him,” is infelicitous, as seeming to imply some *other* betrayers, contrary to our Lord’s express statement, “Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?”—a betrayer; and, again, “Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me.” The *ὁ καὶ παραδούς* is rather an intensive, to be rendered with the frequent force of *καὶ* in the New Testament: “*Even* he who betrayed.” The particle is indicative of the sacred historian’s horror of the deed. The monitory connection between the falling away of Judas, and the absolute necessity of sustaining grace, is significantly taught in John vi. 64, 65: “But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray him. And he said, *Therefore* said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father.” Implying both truths, that even Judas might have embraced the salvation of Christ had he sought the grace of the Father, and that he fell simply because he sought it not. His example shows there is no length of moral depravity and blasphemy from

which any man is free to be tempted, apart from receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost, whom the Father sends in Jesu's name.

Six days before the Lord's last passover, Judas, being angry at missing the value of the precious ointment poured upon his Master's head, at the house of Simon of Bethany, went to the chief priests, and covenanted to deliver him up for "thirty silverlings," or silver staters, as some MSS. read. A stater was equivalent to a shekel, and worth about three shillings, English; the total equal, therefore, to £4 10s. Exod. xxi. 32 fixes thirty shekels of silver as the price of the life of a male or female slave. Zechariah (xi. 12) was symbolically bought at the same sum, as a mark of the Jews' contempt for a prophet of the Lord, and which degradation as such the Lord appropriates prophetically to himself, in the words, "A goodly price that I was priced at of them," was fulfilled by the price of the treachery of Judas, and the scorn of the priests.

Matt. xxvii. 9 states—"Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued," or appraised, at that contemptuous sum. He who lived in the form of a servant was sold to death at the price of a slave. The passage quoted is not in Jeremy, but in Zechariah, though it is said to be from Jeremiah, because quoted from that Jewish division of the Scriptures which bore, because it began with, his name. Dr. Lightfoot describes the threefold division of the Old Testament by the Jews, as being each called after the book with which it began. Thus, the first division, beginning with the Law, was called the Law; the second, beginning with the Psalms, was called the Psalms; and the third, beginning with Jeremy, was called Jeremiah. Hence a passage from any of the prophets, according to Jewish usage, would be cited generally as from the section of Jeremiah. In any case, the degradation was predicted which involved the death of a slave, and that was death by crucifixion. Jesus was fully aware "what death he should die," when he spoke of being "lifted up." When the moment arrived, he gently chid his disciples in the garden by the appeal, which should be read interrogatively: "Do ye sleep on now that the hour is at hand when the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners?"—i.e., of the Roman cohort stationed on festivals for the protection of the Temple. "Rise, let us be going" (i.e., to meet them): "he is at hand that doth betray me." What had just passed between the Lord and his heavenly Father in the agony of supplication had strengthened his innocent humanity to bear even the devilish caress of Judas, who "forthwith came to Jesus and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him;" in the Greek,

"kissed him *again and again*," repeating it, lest, in the darkness, his fellow-conspirators should miss "the sign" by which he had proposed to identify the person of his Master, whom they were to seize and bind. Even at that last moment the tender compassion of Jesus yearned over the traitor. That appeal was not altogether lost on Judas, as his subsequent remorse disclosed: "Friend, or companion, wherefore—or against whom—art thou come?—against thy Teacher, Master, Saviour? Have thou the heart to betray the Son of man with a kiss?" Judas makes no reply. What could he say? Not a word escapes his lips. He seems to have afterwards followed the multitude into the hall of judgment, for he witnessed our Lord's condemnation. He betrayed his Lord, but brought *no charge* against him. Infamous as he was, he was not one of the false witnesses *against* Jesus, but he was, though false in himself, a true witness in his Lord's favour. Thus the overruling providence of God anticipated the objection of infidelity—viz., "That one of his confederates, who was privy to the whole series of frauds, denounced the imposture, and on his evidence Jesus was put to death as a deceiver." It was precisely what Judas could and would have done, had there been any deception to reveal, but he did the exact contrary. The false disciple vindicates his Master, and condemns himself, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood," and flung back the blood-money with horror at the feet of his accomplices. In gloomy keeping with his treason to his Master, he next laid violent hands on himself. St. Matthew says he hanged himself. St. Luke that "falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst;" both which statements are reconcilable on the supposition that the rope broke, and precipitated him headlong. An ancient tradition states that Satan caught him up in the air, strangled him, and threw him down to the ground, his body being burst by the violence of the fall. Dante's poetical conception suggests an awful truth. He represents the devil as mocking and reviling Judas as he hung on the gallows, and returning to his lips the traitorous kiss with which he had betrayed his Lord. The Scriptures describe Judas as one "who by his transgression fell, that he might go to his own place" (i.e., the place which he had made his own). The judicial retribution of the sinner consists in giving him his own choice. Impenitent and unbelieving men "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath," "heap it up to their last days;" they are "filled with the fruit of their own devices." Deceiving and being deceived in life, they are seldom undeceived till death has made it too late. It seems to me, Judas had carried the arts of habitual deception to such a height, as to have finally persuaded himself he could make his Lord and

Master an unwitting accessory in deceiving the priests. The words, "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, *when he saw that he was condemned, repented,*" seem to me to imply he did not expect his Lord would be condemned. I am inclined to believe he did not even reckon upon his Lord's being captured. He knew the Jews at Nazareth and in Jerusalem had before now attempted to seize him, and had been always foiled, by the simple exertion of his Master's power in conveying himself away. Hence his bargain with the priests was to betray, not to secure the seizure, nor sustain an accusation, and it sounds like the suppressed irony of a conscious swindler, his direction to the priest's servants, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: *hold him fast*" (*i.e.*, if you can). And when on their first presenting themselves "they went backward, and fell to the ground," unable to lay a hand upon him, the traitor, to them as well as to his Master, probably chuckled inwardly at the apparent success of his manoeuvre to procure the thirty pieces of silver, without any ultimate danger to his Master. But it is written, "The Lord taketh the wise in their own craftiness." By the voluntary surrender of his blessed body, the Lord proved at once that no man had power to take his life from him. "I have power to lay down my life, and power to take it up." His words were verified in the circumstances of his arrest, as fully as in those of his execution. "Satan, having put it into the heart of Judas to betray him," was outwitted by his Divine wisdom, whom neither man nor devil could entangle in word or deed. The betrayer was himself betrayed; the deceiver only deceived himself. The repentance and self-destruction of the only one of the disciples who fell into the snare of the devil, is the most striking indirect testimony to the character of the Lord Jesus. Isaiah asked, in a prophetic sigh, "Who shall declare his generation?" *i.e.*, Who shall speak a word in favour of the "Lamb who, before his shearers, himself was dumb," and all the rest of his disciples were fled, and not one of them opened his mouth to testify that he was without blemish and without spot,

except the very butcher by whom he was driven to the shambles? "Out of the eater came forth meat;" from the mouth of falsehood is heard the testimony to truth. The words of the fallen apostle, "I have betrayed innocent blood," sound like an echo of the hopeless, though not faithless, witness of fallen devils, who believe and tremble, one of whom cried to Jesus, "I know thee who thou art,—the Holy One of God." Thousands of apostates, who have bartered away their fidelity to earlier and better convictions, and their faith in Christ, will bear a like testimony to him whom they have abjured and forsaken—a reluctant testimony, wrung from them in the anguish of despair, when too late to repair their wrong, or repent of their sin. It was a paltry temptation—under five pounds—for which to insult and wound his Lord and Master; but if it had been as many thousand times ten thousand, in comparison of the *per contra*, it would have been paltry still. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" That only is your own, which you can keep. You could not keep the world, if you had it; but you and your soul can never be put asunder. God forbid that the love of money, or any other form of that "covetousness which is idolatry," should expose your immortal, inseparable souls to the righteous judgment which "appoints the deceiver his portion with the hypocrites," who betray Christ with kisses, seemingly embracing his religion, when their hearts are with the silver pieces, and inwardly glorifying in the adroitness by which they think they succeed in imposing upon men, if not hoodwinking the cognizance of God. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—of the flesh, corruption; of the Spirit, life.

The invincible majesty of compassion broke even the stony heart of Judas, though it was only to "the sorrow of the world that worketh death." Spirit of the gentle, long-suffering and forbearing Jesus! swell my heart to that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of."

MARGARET.

HOW many things have I forgotten since that time: how little have I forgotten of that time itself!

We were playmates together, Margy and myself, for so long, and from such early years, that I remember her even as I remember myself, and find it hard to separate the two images, even for a moment, in that far retrospect. She was always cleverer than I

—much cleverer, indeed; and always, in a quiet way, and as a matter of course, took the lead in our little schemes of amusement. She was strong, too, and healthy; whilst I at that time was hardly rooted in life at all, and required a good deal of care to prevent me from withering altogether. How pleasant it was, when the warm summer looked brightly and kindly down on our shady playground, to have such a good-hearted,

stout little servitor to help me as I dug feebly the plot of earth where the few flowers which were able to survive the operation struggled with existence as feebly as myself! How pleasant, in the languor of ill-health, to sit idly in the sun, and exercise an apparent despotism over one under whose gentle control I really was! How pleasant to have every want attended, every wish gratified, by such a lithe little form, with such a happy face, and such ready hands. Ah, Margy, if I could bring that old time back again, if, with all this thankfulness gathered and brimming in my heart, I could again become a pale, weakly boy, and receive of your childish but unselfish kindness, should I be able to render back one tithe of that debt which presses so heavily on me now!

My father I had never seen. The word "father" was rarely in my ears, and the idea was a sort of forbidden fear which had been excited at some time beyond memory, and arose sometimes in sleepless nights to haunt me like a ghost with vague terror. I had a dim idea that there had been some wrong done, and that "he" was wandering piteously in strange lands.

My mother had been obliged to leave a handsome house in the suburbs of the neighbouring city, and live in comparative retirement and poverty in the village to which my memory first attaches itself. She was a woman of strong character, of high religious principles, and of true kindness of heart, but of rather a stern and sometimes forbidding manner, which was occasionally backed by narrow and perverse notions. She was diligent and thrifty, and had need to be so, for I her only child was apparently to be little more than a burden, and her income was small indeed. Well do I remember that face from which care had taken nearly all its native comeliness, and which, it must be confessed, inspired me with more of awe than love. Well do I remember watching it through the gathering gloom of evening, as she stooped over that perpetual work, and wondering, in my childish way, whether it would look softer when she fell asleep, or whether it had ever been fresh and young like Margy's. Once only do I remember that its calm and patient strength was completely broken and melted, and that occasion in my simple annals was memorable indeed, and must be told presently.

My only companion, as I have said, was a little girl called Margaret, whom I ever knew as "Margy," and who, a few months beyond me in age, was years beyond me in intelligence. However, that never struck me at the time. My ill health—as in the case of even older people—led me to accept the superiority of others in an unquestioning, unambitious way. My curiosity was not aroused till much later, even as to where Margy lived, or who she was. It was sufficient

that before a mother who did not show much love, and before a life which did not show much happiness, Margaret was to my childish imagination all that was bright and good. Such was the still, grey dawn of my existence, and such the star of morning that alone won my full and complete regard. But a change was coming.

During the spring I had been gaining strength, and mind and body seemed to be looking forward to a new life. One day, when the summer warmth had tempted me out longer than usual, I was resting on a sofa, when my mother and a strange gentleman, and our single servant, came in and held a sort of council of war over me; of war it might be called, inasmuch as it so disturbed my peace. The strange gentleman, who, I afterwards learned, was a Dr. Wilson, Margaret's uncle, and a distant relation of my mother's, inspired me at once, and as if instinctively, with a strong aversion. He was a coarse, sinister-looking man, and his proceedings filled me with terror and disgust. He first rudely forced my mouth open to look at my tongue, and then began to thrust his big fingers in a vindictive manner into my chest and over my body generally, adding insult to injury by asking me after each painful assault, "Does that hurt you?" Even this, however, did not so much trouble me as the evil, calculating look in his eye, from which I absolutely shrank with ill-concealed horror.

"Well, doctor?" said my mother.

"Oh, we'll pull through beautifully, ma'am; nothing really wrong, wants knocking about, wants hacking, eh!"

I thought he was coming to "hack" me again, and said, meekly, "No, sir; please not." Then he talked in a low voice to my mother, and I could hear the words which then bore no meaning to me, "Provision, eh?—ten thousand pounds!—come of age!" My mother then unlocked an escritoire, which I always regarded with great reverence and had never seen open before, and they looked over some papers in which the doctor seemed to take great interest. Presently they went out of the room, and I was left alone to recover myself as best I could, and to ponder over those mysterious words, "We'll pull through." Was that dreadful doctor going to pull me through something as a means of recovery? and what was he going to pull me through? I was tormenting myself with these frightful thoughts, when, to my delight, who should come in but Margy, as if on purpose to remove or share my troubles. She had come back to look for something which she had forgotten when leaving me that afternoon.

"Oh, Margy!" I burst out, "the doctor's going to pull me through something; what can it be?"

Margaret stopped her search a moment to bring her wits to bear upon this momentous subject; but

could make nothing of it. In the midst of our deliberations we heard voices at the door. Margaret started. "Is uncle here?" she said, with some alarm, and then shrunk back into a dark recess as the door opened.

The doctor alone came in, and, after glancing at me for a moment, commenced walking in a stealthy, thoughtful way up and down the room, and muttering to himself. I watched him with secret fear, and the expression of his face seemed to grow worse even as the twilight darkened. Suddenly he came over to me, and, saying in a low voice, "Go to sleep like a good boy," drew his large hand from his bosom and put it on my face. I thought the process of "pulling through" was about to commence, and resigned myself in despair. A strange sensation and dizziness came over me, with which I struggled in vain. The rest was like a dream. I remember being half-conscious that he took away his hand, that he was standing by the escritoire again and fumbling over papers, that he was no longer in the room, that Margy—whom I had forgotten—stood beside me looking very white and saying something rapidly; and then nothing, till I awoke, feeling just as usual, next morning in my own comfortable little bed.

That long and strange sleep seems now to part two diverse phases of my life; nay, it seems to have ushered in a new life altogether. The next day my mother told me I was to go to school for the first time; and whatever dim recollections I had of the past night they were for the time, at least, obliterated by this announcement, and all that it entailed. The day was occupied in preparations, and Margy did not come to play with me at the usual hour; but I did not miss her as I should have expected. In fact a change, which I cannot describe, came over me, and apparently over every one and everything else. The one idea, that I was going to school, filled my mind, and seemed to overflow upon everything about me. The next day we went; and much as I liked the old place, and much as I liked Margy, I felt little regret then, so much did the unknown future outshine all that established past. Thus it is always—

"The present we fling from us, as the wind
Of that sweet future which we hope to find."

And it is sometimes not until all our future has become past that we perceive the irremediable error. Yet I felt one pang. At the outskirts of the village, as we drove by, I saw Margy running towards us. The cab stopped for a moment, she appeared pale and breathless at the door, threw in a little parcel to me, and was gone. It was a little knitted purse, over which I wept in a heart-broken way for a few minutes, and became forgetful of it in a few more. The history of that purse is a reproach to human nature. For

some time it was my great consolation at school, and became of a very doubtful colour indeed, from the frequent application of dirty little fingers and tearful little eyes. Once only it was used for its proper purpose, when, resolving in a fierce fit of economy to save money, I put a solitary sixpence carefully in, and felt like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at least, for the next two hours, till that siren of an apple woman came round. Finally, and alas and alas! Bill Smithers saw it in my desk, chaffed me about it, and, in a show of scorn, I threw it into the fire. I am sorry to say too, that most of my old affections and my simple regard for pure and reverent things were consumed in nearly as summary a manner. I despised my old life, and, with confirmed health and quickened abilities, became the head of the school in learning and mischief. But I must hasten over these days, in which neither Margaret, who is my subject, nor anything Margy (if I may coin the adjective) in character were apparent. True, I saw her in the holidays; but she only suggested to me my former weakness, and the meeting was cold on my side, and embarrassing to both. I was proud, too, and ambitious, and she seemed tame and uninteresting and rustic. Time passed on, my horizon grew larger and brighter, and I set my face resolutely towards its brightest point. But a cloud, at once of judgment and of mercy, was gathering over me, and at my proudest moment the storm came. I was leaving the College hall, after a most successful examination, when a letter from my mother was put into my hands. It ran thus: "Your father is dead, his latest will has been lost, and we are beggars," &c. I cannot tell with what mad haste I reached home, and with what mad rage I learned the truth, which baffled my dearest schemes. My mother's wrath was, if possible, still more intense than my own, and it culminated upon poor Margaret's head, to whom the property came by a previous will.

"Where is Margaret?" I asked.

"The designing minx!" said my mother, gasping for breath. "I had taken her into the house, when her uncle took to drink, and this is the way she behaves! She must have known it all along, with her serpent ways. I sent her off pretty quick!" and so on.

There was no hope, and no resource. We removed from one poor lodging to another, and from that to one poorer still. My mother became very ill, and I, my hope and strength were gone, and I could do nothing. Letters came from Margaret, but we sent them back unopened. At last she came herself.

I was sitting by my mother's bed-side, moody, and useless, and sullen. I had no religious principles—no trust, no humility, to support me and

send me forth to honest labour; and never was fall so complete as mine. The door of our room opened, and Margaret came quietly and timidly in.

"I have found you out at last," she said, "and I hope—"

"Send her away—send her away at once!" cried my mother, starting up.

Margaret put a parcel on the table, came forward and knelt by the bed-side.

"What have I done," she said, with tears, "that you, who were so kind, have turned against me?"

In vain she knelt and wept, my mother was inexorable, and I was wholly indifferent. Margaret rose at last, with a quiet dignity, and with a simple "God forgive you," that touched me even then. I opened the parcel; there were delicacies for an invalid in it, but my mother would not touch them. Next day she died; but a change had come over her before that.

"We've done wrong," she said: "with my last breath I tell you that; and if you ever see Margaret again, tell her that I died asking for her forgiveness: and may God grant me his for Christ's sake."

So that humbled heart went, and I was left alone with my despair. What happened after that I can hardly tell. I left the place and wandered about. There seemed a curse on me. I drank, but that made it no better. Finally, a great sickness came on me, and I sat down under a hedge

to die. It was even then, in my sin, and misery, and unconsciousness, that the hand of the God whom I had forgotten was stretched out to save me. Recovering from delirium, I found myself comfortably housed in a farmhouse, where the greatest kindness was shown me. My health came back slowly, but the bitterness from my soul was gone. To my question as to who found me and brought me there, the kind old farmer said, "The first day you go out you shall see." How can I tell how I met her by the yard gate, in her simple working dress, and her sweet, honest look? How can I tell how my heart beat with old love and with fresh gratitude?

"But the fortune, Margy, which is yours? Why are you working here?"

"It is yours, sir," she said; "not mine, and I am here working for my bread."

"How? What?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"My uncle," she said, blushing, "stole the will which your father had made in your favour. But he is dead now. I have found the will, and it is your own again."

It was some time before I could understand it fully, and long before I could speak my thanks to Margaret. Later still, and she called me "sir," no longer; and over my mother's grave, I told of my mother's prayer, and of the love that was as pain within my heart.

J. S. W.

"NO MORE SEA."



WALKING along the pier of one of our fishing harbours, I was once asked the meaning of these words. A pleasant water-party was just breaking up. We had sailed to a grassy, rocky island, and there felt the nameless and dreamy charm that hangs about all places which the sea cuts off from the familiar steps of man. On our return, the plashing oars and bounding prow had disturbed the crimson glory of an autumn sunset, fading slowly from the waves; and during our walk homeward the moon above us was already large and white, while the twilight lingered as if, like ourselves, unwilling to part from so much loveliness; and at our feet the transparent waters rippled, and plashed, and sighed. Just then a thoughtful lad looked up pensively, and said, "I wonder what the Bible means by telling us that in heaven 'there shall be no more sea.' I don't know why there should not." That was exactly the place and time to ask and to answer such a question, and the substance of this paper is what was there agreed upon.

We must remember that one aspect of the sea

has not been excluded from the vision of celestial glory; that we read—twice over—of a sea of glass, which is once described as like unto crystal, and once as mingled with fire. It is more than *like* glass, for the word read literally implies that it is made of glass, pointing, perhaps, to its fixed and unshifting density, which no winds can ruffle, no feet break, and upon which, it would seem, the harpers stand who sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. It is a picture of infinite placidity. It recalls the place of broad rivers and streams of water which God in Isaiah promised to be unto his people, wherein should go no galley with oars, neither should gallant ship pass therein. And it differs from every earthly sea as far as the tideless and still waters of the soul of one in paradise differ from the tempestuous and changeable emotions of men below. Within the ransomed bosom and without, there is that perfect quietness of which we only dream below. There is no agitation of ebb and flow, no wail of broken billows on a broken beach, for the surface is of glass-like crystal, and the depths are illumined by a steady flame of love to God and to his creatures.

This, however, is far from corresponding to our common ideas of the sea. In the minds of the ancients especially it had gathered the gloomiest associations around itself, for the compass had not yet pointed a steady finger across the waste; navigation crawled timidly along the shores; or else, if "neither sun nor stars appeared," the vessel was helpless in the hands of chance. Thus, when Virgil was to cross from Italy to Greece, Horace was in almost hysterical alarm. To him the sea was "estranging;" vessels were "impious;" man venturing on the waves was as rebellious as if "striving in his folly to scale heaven itself." For at that time the ocean severed lands, instead of being the favourite road of traffic, and it was only regarded as a barren and treacherous waste, peopled with monstrous creatures, which it was an exploit to "regard with fearless eyes." Both the scantiness and the tone of Scriptural allusions to navigation prove that similar notions were rife in Judea. Although Palestine occupied a noble maritime position, the people never were good seamen. Solomon had to borrow from Hiram "shipmen that had knowledge of the sea." Jehoshaphat's navy was wrecked, apparently in the very harbour. They that went down to the sea in ships were justly thought to know wonders, and experience dangers, of which common men were ignorant. Its tempestuous heavings were only a casting-up of mire and dirt. Scarcely a voyage is recorded in the Bible that did not involve deadly hazards. Therefore, to abolish the sea would be to remove from nature something as abhorred as the Zahara, or the Tartar steppes; to break down a barrier between nations; to erase a blot from creation; to relieve mankind from the remembrance of his most laborious, dangerous, and hateful toils.

The Bible, however, was meant to awaken an echo in the universal mind of man, and we are bound to find a meaning for its words that will meet a universal acceptance. Such an explanation is not sufficiently given to this text by the mere association of *danger* with the sea. For, although there are thousands of widowed women and orphaned children who would never desire to look upon the waves again, who can see in the billow or the ripple nothing but murderous rage or murderous treachery, while they remember a dear and revered face that went down into the abyss before its time, yet modern sentiment, upon the whole, has overcome the old horror of the deep. Clipper yachts and Cunard steamers have taught us to love the salt water; and England has such glorious memories of naval war, that her sons have come to regard the seas as their inheritance. It cannot be denied that a vast proportion of our poetic imagery, of our pictorial skill, and of our holiday enjoyments, are lavished upon the sea-side. More than all,

no one will pretend that a silent, lonely, musing hour among the rocks is not a keen enjoyment; that it does not expand and elevate his sympathies and his desires.

We ask again, why is this source of pleasure ultimately to be withdrawn from us? Let us answer by asking another question: What is the character of this enjoyment? It can scarcely be called delight. It has little in common with the effect of beauty. The sensation of looking at a grand river, or a fertile valley, is perfectly different from that of gazing on the sea. It is eloquent, but not of joy. It is grand, but mostly with the grandeur of mystery, terror, unrest; of sleepless assaults upon the land, which the land continually repels; of forces which we can neither estimate nor control, and which seem to be more effective in destruction than beneficence; of all that pathless bewilderment stretching away towards the infinite without revealing it. It is musical, but who associates gladness with its music, whether it thunders on an iron-bound coast, or whispers and moans in some sheltered inlet among the hills? It is dear to us, for

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

Our baffled and restless humanity loves it as the type of its own experience—old amid perennial youth, struggling with perpetual failure, rising and falling with weary iteration, calm succeeding to every tempest, and yielding place to storm again. Our ineffectual yearning for the infinite (which always eludes our apprehension) is soothed by that remote horizon enveloped in those doubtful clouds. The very cold and unsympathising severity of its existence, whose gigantic laws are not relaxed by pity nor by clamour; the very insatiable greed which struck Solomon with awe when he said, "All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not filled"—these are in tone with our mysterious life below, with the seemingly relentless fate that strikes so often at youth, and happiness, and love, with our own insatiable hopes, questionings, and aspirations.

"As the sea is not filled, so years
Man's universal mind."

Thus it is a mighty interpreter of a vast and familiar class of emotions. But those emotions are not destined to be eternal. The sombre majesty of desire shall yield to the gladness of possession; the sense of mystery to the joy of knowledge; the baffled searching for the infinite to the vision of the King in his beauty, and of the land that is very far off. Then the grey ocean shall have done its task. The pleasure it gave was, after all, a pleasure akin to pain, and in that land of serenity, satisfaction, and repose, it is fitting that "there shall be no more sea." G. A. C.



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"They found him dead,
That lonely watcher in the night."—p. 122.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

FROM window, curtainless and high,
There gleamed a sickly, yellow light;
On other casements darkness fell,
But that shone all the dreary night.

And every morning, when the street
Woke to the carman's cheery shout,
Or the quick tread of hurrying feet,
The little yellow-light went out.

Beside it sat a haggard man,
Yet 'twas not time had made him so;
Rather, each year that o'er him ran
Had left him a decade of woe.
He lived a month in every night—
A month of anguish and despair;
Whilst something on his brow did write
A look that youth should never wear.

He often left the dismal house,
And walked away, with downcast eyes,
As though he feared to see a curse
Writ on the sunny summer skies.
Yet, stern and grave as he appeared,
The little children in the street
Smiled in his face, and never feared
To sport and gambel at his feet.
Yet when those cherub looks were raised,
Half shyly, flashing fun and play,
Scarcely upon their smiles he gazed,
But sighed, and turned his face away;
As though he feared lest childhood's eye
Should chance to penetrate the veil
Of a dark story, and desecry
The dismal secret of his tale.

But on one gusty winter eve,
When wind was high, and snow was deep,
Just such a night as makes one grieve
For those who have no home to keep—
I drew aside my curtain's fold,
Half shuddering in the frosty air,
The stars were shining, clear and cold,
But that dim lamp—it was not there;
And fears within my spirit stirred,
I felt my brow grow cold and white,
As though a ghostly voice I heard
Upon the silence of the night.

I sought my bed—sleep closed mine eyes—
I woke in fear—my brow was damp—
I know not what I dreamed, but I
Had dreamed about that little lamp!

I rose, and from my window saw
The house of that mysterious light,
Dull was the morning, dim and raw,
Soiling the snow so pure last night.
People were gathered in the street,
In hushed, mysterious tones they spoke;
Then watchmen came, with heavy feet,
And, passing swiftly mid the folk,
Entered the house, and in its gloom
They found they needs must have a light.
I saw them pass from room to room
To that which once was lit by night,
And long and long they lingered there
(But what they found I could not say);
Then out they came with looks of care,
And sent the people all away.

What had they found?—they found him dead,
That lonely watcher in the night,
Lying alone upon his bed,
And near him his extinguished light.
But though his face was dark and lean,
It wore no more its look of care,
A smile was o'er its sorrow seen,
The cold hand held a lock of hair—
A single lock of golden hair—
Long, silken, curled, as women's are;
Its owner—was she false as fair?
Or was she dead, or gone afar?
We can but guess that shining tress
Was some sweet relic of his past—
A comfort or a bitterness
That soothed, or stung him to the last.
And that was all that man could learn,
But yet it gave me sudden pain
To know that lamp would never burn
On that high window-sill again;
And from my memory ne'er will go
The tarnished hearse, the rusty pall,
The gaping crowd, and all the woe
Of that unfollowed funeral.

I. FIVIE.

DEEPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

CHAPTER XXI.

A WIFE'S LOVE CAN SURVIVE THE WRECK.

FRANK left the bailiffs to return to his mother. As he walked up-stairs, not with his usual elastic tread, his heart felt heavy within him.

No tender bond of union had subsisted between Frank and his father. He would not grieve

after him with the pangs of wounded affection. Still, it was a blow which might almost crush his mother.

His mother was in the same attitude in which he had left her. Frank had to touch her ere she moved, and then she tottered with difficulty to her feet.

A kind of decrepitude seemed to have come over her. She sat on the sofa, and looked helplessly round the room—a strange, sad contrast to her former state.

"Frank," said she, eagerly, "is your father come?"

"No, mother, he is not."

He began to speak soothingly, and to utter words of encouragement and of hope; but his mother heard them not; her eyes roamed restlessly to and fro, and again she said, eagerly—

"When do you think he will come?"

"I cannot tell, dear mother. He may think it more expedient to stay away for the present."

"Oh, no! no!" she cried, half angrily. "He would never leave me to suffer this trouble alone. Your father is no coward, Frank."

"He knows that I am with you, mother," was all that Frank ventured to say.

"Oh, Frank, I wish he could come!"

There was such a pathos in the tone that Frank could not bear it. He got up, and went again to the window. It was in a recess, screened from his mother's view; and here he wept like a child.

When he came out, somewhat relieved by those tears, his mother was lying on the sofa. He had never seen her in that attitude before. She was an active woman; her small, upright figure disdained even to lean back in her chair. Now, it seemed as if all her vital force was gone. Frank had yet to learn that beneath the surface, his mother's energies, nay, her very life, had been slowly ground away.

He stooped down and kissed her. She kissed him in return, but she did not speak. Her eyes had a wild, wistful longing, that haunted him for many a day. He covered her with a shawl, for her hands were cold as death; then he stirred the fire, and drew down the blinds, and made what little arrangements he could for her comfort. After this he stole from the room, to think over, in the solitude of his chamber, what had better be done. He was now his mother's sole protector. In fact, he was all she had in the world; and his whole mind was possessed with the filial desire to stand as much as possible between her and the approaching trial. In fact, if she were driven from one refuge, to make for her another.

"Yes," thought he, with a glow of generous enthusiasm; "thank God, I can work."

The most immediate thing that suggested itself was to find some suitable attendant for her in this hour of need.

Frank could see that she was ill—stricken down, in fact; and he ground his teeth in very agony as he thought of it.

It would not be possible for her to fulfil her domestic duties, hitherto so cheerfully and untiringly performed. No. And had Frank had his way, she would long since have been relieved from a burden that must have pressed heavily upon her. It was the drop of wormwood in his cup—the knowledge of what his mother suffered.

Quitting the house for a short time he soon arranged the matter. An old nurse of his—a faithful adherent of the Chauncey interests—was persuaded to come at once, and render all the assistance in her

power. He flew rather than walked along the streets, so eager was he to return to his mother. When he had settled her under the beneficent guardianship of old Susan, he had another piece of business to transact. It was to institute inquiries after his father.

He intended to pay a visit to the man who managed the legal affairs of Reginald Chauncey, and who would be most likely to know his whereabouts. He did not like this man—few persons did. And, more than that, he was a total stranger to him, personally. He had never seen him in his life. Still it was necessary something should be done to allay the feverish anxieties of Reginald Chauncey's wife.

Frank hoped to find her reposing in the same tranquil attitude in which he had left her. But, alas! no. She had risen. The shawl with which he had so carefully covered her lay upon the floor, and she had been for some time pacing up and down the room.

When Frank's step was heard, she stopped; her eyes turned towards the door with the same wistful, yearning look. Frank knew but too well what it meant. She fancied the footstep might have been her husband's.

"Frank," said she, hastily and impatiently, "is he not come yet?"

"No, mother."

"Where is he?"

Frank shook his head.

"My dear, I want to write to him. Poor Reginald!"

Frank's eyes were fixed upon the ground. The grave expression of his face deepened into actual distress.

"Poor Reginald!" continued the wife, pleading, as it were, his cause; "he had but a narrow income, Frank, and with his acquirements and position he was sure to outrun it. Many men have done so besides him," added she, appealing to her son.

Frank was silent. He could not force himself to say a word in extenuation of Reginald Chauncey's guilt.

"And now," continued she, with the same piteous, yearning tone, "I should like to go to him. Where is he, Frank? You must know; you are not kind to keep it from me," pressing her hands to her temples, as if the pain there were intolerable.

"Mother, I do not know as yet."

"As yet! When will you know?" asked she, coming close up and peering into his face with her eager eyes. "When will you know?"

"Perhaps when I have seen my father's lawyer. He may be able to tell me."

"Will he? Then you must go at once. Oh, why did you put it off so long?" cried she, reproachfully; her fragile form trembling from head to foot.

Alas! Frank little knew the deadly sickening fear that was gnawing at her heart—the dread lest Reginald Chauncey should come no more. For the love of some women can survive the wreck of all things!

CHAPTER XXII.

"£12,000."

THE offices of Reginald Chauncey's lawyer were situated in a paved court, close by the market-place.

The name of the lawyer was Solomon Twist. He did a pretty extensive business of a certain kind, both in town and country. Some people said he was more of a money-lender than a lawyer; and others declared him to be a Jew, and connected with a Jewish house in London. Certainly his Christian name was Jewish, and so was his physiognomy. He was seated in his little room, presenting, as he always did, very much the appearance of a spider lying in wait for a fly, when his clerk (his familiar spirit—so said the public) brought him a card, bearing the name of "Mr. Frank Chauncey." Solomon Twist took it, and smiled.

"Show him in, Jacobs. Yes; I'll see him."

A good-natured manner had Solomon Twist, at times.

A moment after, in walked Frank. Solomon Twist scanned him from top to toe. He had jotted down all Frank's characteristics in his mental note-book ere Frank had time to say good morning. When he had finished, he said: "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Frank. You favour your father wonderfully. I never saw such a likeness!"

Frank bowed in reply to this speech. He was not glad, personally, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Twist; and he would not say he was.

"And now, sir," continued Solomon Twist, rubbing his hands softly together, "what can I do for you? Want money?—eh?"

There was something so repugnant to Frank's feelings in the question that he replied, rather curtly—

"No, Mr. Twist; I do not want money. My business is of another nature."

"Indeed; and pray what may it be?"

Frank coloured painfully, and every nerve quivered with shame, as he said—

"I came about my father."

"Oh, my friend Reginald! Ah, unpleasant circumstance, very!" said Solomon Twist, carelessly.

Frank bowed his head a moment in terrible humiliation.

"Could you tell me," he asked, at length, "what is the amount of my father's liabilities?"

"Twelve thousand pounds."

He said it, glibly; and getting up, stood before the fire, his hands in his pockets.

"So much as that?" said Frank, sadly.

"Much! Well, I think the figures pretty low, considering that Mr. Chauncey is a public man. Bless you! a man must have debts. Hang me if he can help it!" said Mr. Twist, good-naturedly.

"Mr. Chauncey lived high, and gamed high," added he, as Frank made no reply to the foregoing observation.

"Gambling debts, are they?" said Frank, hastily.

"Well, some of them. Not all."

Another pause of cruel humiliation. Then the clear, brown eye of Frank Chauncey rested on the countenance of the Jewish practitioner.

"Mr. Twist," said he, "do you know what has become of my father?"

Solomon Twist shrugged his shoulders.

"A-hem. Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't, Mr. Frank."

"Because," said Frank, earnestly, and with pathos, "he has a wife. I have a mother, who is suffering all the tortures of suspense. Surely this is unnecessary."

"Well, you see, in the first place, ladies are very unreasonable. Why need she suffer?"

"Because she loves him. He is her husband," replied Frank, with a simplicity at which Solomon Twist laughed in his sleeve.

"Well?" said he.

"Well, it would be a great relief to her mind to have some tidings of him, and to mine also," added Frank.

"Quite right and proper, young gentleman; but, you see, I am not authorised to tell."

"But you will surely tell me, his son."

Mr. Twist shook his head.

"Not on any account, Mr. Frank. Mind, I highly respect you, and am very sorry for the lady; but professional secrets never pass my lips."

Frank thought of his mother, and sighed bitterly.

"At least," said he, rising, "one thing you will disclose to me. Is there," and Frank spoke with feverish anxiety, "any hope of my father's speedy return?"

"None whatever."

Frank stared at him wildly.

"None whatever," repeated Mr. Twist. "Should it be any consolation to the lady, I will venture to assure her that her husband is in safety; but as for his return, it would be folly to expect it."

"But she does expect it. She is looking for him every hour," cried Frank, in a tone of deep distress.

"More's the pity," replied Mr. Twist; "for between ourselves, Mr. Frank, he may never come at all!"

"May the good God help us!" cried Frank, distractedly; "it will kill my mother!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT REST.

FRANK walked slowly home from his visit to the office of Solomon Twist. He found his mother where he had left her, sitting at the window. She got up as he came in, and tottering feebly towards him, threw her arms round his neck.

"Frank, when—when will he come?"

"Mother," said Frank, trying to preface the intelligence as best he could, "it is very unlikely that my father should run the risk of being arrested. You forget that."

"Oh, no, I don't. He would think of me before he thought of that. Where is he?"

Frank, tenderly as was possible, concealing every base feature in the character of the man who was his father, and her husband, told her the result of his interview with Mr. Twist. How it was certain that, for the present at least, Reginald Chauncey would not return. He put the best construction upon the act, though in his secret heart he abhorred it. He told her that, in a worldly point of view, his father's course was most prudent. That he was scarcely likely to endure the odium of the thing, now it was made public. That he might have gone among his friends, and be soliciting their help. He had friends and partisans that they knew not of. He might find means, since he was a man of abundant resources, of extricating himself from his difficulties. Better days would perhaps come—days of re-union and of freedom from these cruel anxieties.

He thought his mother was listening to his representations, and had grown somewhat calmer. Alas! she heard them not. She had heard only one fatal declaration.

Her husband had deserted her. The man for whom she had toiled so many years, and with whom she had borne so patiently, and without a murmur. He was gone. He had left her exposed to the pitiless storm alone.

She had tried to keep her skeleton from the eyes of the world; in one sense, she had succeeded but too well. The world ignored her existence—it fawned on the feet of her husband.

To Frank's communication, she answered not a single word.

She rose, a drear wan look was in her face—a look that haunted Frank for many a day. She kissed him; her hand was cold as marble. She had a shrunk, withered look, as if she had suddenly grown some ten years older; then, with a kind of shiver, she gathered her shawl about her, and still, without uttering a syllable, quitted the room.

The bailiffs kept their word faithfully to Frank Chauncey. They did not, as they had expressed it, "inconvenience the lady noways."

The house was large, and the kitchen remote; and, plentifully supplied with beer and with tobacco, they were civil and content.

Much, however, had to be done. A man, his pen in his hand, and his ink-horn by his side, came and made an inventory of the furniture from the top of the house to the bottom. There was not much of it left, and what there was—as the man somewhat disrespectfully observed—was "good for nothing." Still, every bit of it would have to be sold, for the benefit of the creditors.

All this was infinitely distressing and humiliating to Frank. After the auction, he and his mother would have to turn out and shift for themselves. But none of these things caused him such deep and increasing anxiety, as the state in which his mother was now plunged. She had not laid up in her bed, nor did she even keep her room. She rose, as usual, the morning after Frank's disclosure, and came down to breakfast. But, alas! it would have touched the

heart of even Reginald Chauncey had he beheld her. She could not eat. In vain Frank placed the choicest morsels before her. In vain he entreated her to make the effort.

"I can't, I can't," was all she said.

Frank called in medical assistance. He began to grow alarmed. The doctor encouraged him by saying there was no disease, and no reason why Mrs. Chauncey should not recover, if only she could rally from her depression. "If!" ah! there was the difficulty.

Frank knew it not, but the last fibre was giving way in that loving, broken heart.

She lay on the sofa most part of the day, only sitting up to take food or medicine. Frank never left her. He was young and sanguine, and he hoped against hope. He tried to induce her to rally. He told her of his plans and projects, and endeavoured to rouse her to talk, or even to smile. But no, it was all in vain!

Sometimes, as she lay, her eyes were closed and her lips faintly moving. Then, Frank held a reverential silence. He knew that she was praying.

One day, it was getting towards the evening, she asked him to read the Bible to her. He did so, and then—for the true Christian is ever a priest unto God—he prayed with her. After that, he ministered to her daily.

Still, he had not surrendered all hope. He thought if the immediate misery were over, things would mend. The darkest hour, he argued, is the one before the dawn. He wished to remove her from the house, and to take her away to other scenes. He mentioned several places, but she shook her head. She seemed resolved to cling to her home to the last.

"Until I am carried out of it," whispered she.

It was the first allusion she had made to her approaching death, and Frank's heart failed him as he heard it. He was sitting by her in the twilight. A faint glimmer fell upon his mother's face as she spoke. Words can scarcely express how pinched and ghastly it looked. He sat by her in silence. His heart was too full to allow him to utter a word. He was racked with a keen and cruel anguish—an anguish such as he had never before experienced. It was the fear lest his mother should be taken from him!

Frank, affected even to tears, was wrestling with his own heart lest he should give utterance to a sound which might disturb the repose of the dear one before him, when suddenly she put out her hand.

"Are you there, Frank?"

"Yes, mother, yes." And he was bending over her, keeping back, as best he might, the surging tide of grief.

She drew him nearer. She had his hand in both of hers, and her eyes were fixed upon him with the old wistful, yearning look that touched him to the quick.

"Frank, if ever—and it may be so—if ever your father comes back to you, will you promise me one thing, sacredly and on your honour?"

"I will, mother; I will."

"Should he return in distress—for he is not very prudent, Frank: it is not his nature—will you receive him, dear? Will you be kind and loving towards him? Will you share with him what Providence gives you, and—as much as in you lies, shield him from disgrace?" She spoke the last words slowly and painfully, as if they cost her somewhat.

"Mother," said Frank, his voice scarcely articulate, "I will promise faithfully, and as before God! But surely you will yourself, dear mother, be here. You will yourself receive—and pardon him." He could not help the phrase; it slipped from him unawares.

She shook her head. "Not in this world, dear; it may be yonder." And she pointed upward, her eyes fixed heavenward, as in a kind of trance.

There was an interval of silence. Who knows what scenes of light and glory were not opening up

to the eyes of the dying woman? for death is to such but the beginning of life.

At length she spoke again. "There is one more request, and only one. If he should ever mention my name, and if he should grieve for me"—she dwelt on the idea, as if it soothed her—"tell him that I forgive him, and that I died praying for, and blessing him." She was silent.

Frank, overwhelmed with a horrible grief and desolation, faltered out his reply. Then he sunk on his knees by the couch. He knew that, not long, he should have a mother.

And it was so. The weary spirit had gone through its last earthly conflict. Now, the moonlight flickered on the face which was growing white and chill as marble.

There was a faint flutter, a sigh, and then the poor despised wife of Reginald Chauncey was at rest for ever!

(To be continued.)

THE TWO WAYS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.



N a large village not far from London lived two boys, named Richard Hawtree and John Hancock. Their parents were agricultural labourers, and, of course, were not very well able to do much more for their sons than sending them to the village school to learn what they could, or rather, what they would. Robert Hawtree made the best of these advantages, poor as they were, nor despised them because they were not better. It was pleasant to see his cheerful, happy face as he went along to school, and it was plainly evident that he did not look upon his school tasks as nasty, irksome things that he would rather be without. But it was pleasanter still to hear him of an evening reading a chapter out of the great family Bible to his parents, and to see the pride which shone out of their eyes as they looked on him. He was very dear to them, for he had always loved, honoured, and obeyed them; and in the whole village there was no boy who honoured God's fifth commandment more than he did. On Sunday he walked by his parents' side to the village church, and went to Sunday-school in the afternoon, although he was tempted often by other boys to join them on a beautiful summer afternoon in roaming the fields in search of birds'-nests. He was obliging, too, to his schoolfellows and his elders, and many a time has he given up his play-hour to read beside the bed-side of some poor sick neighbour. Who could help loving such a boy as Richard Hawtree? So said the village folks, with whom he was a great favourite.

The character of John Hancock was, unhappily, quite the reverse. He hated school, constantly played truant; and never attended church or Sunday-school, unless he was forced to do so. His manners were disagreeable. How could it be other-

wise? If boys do not practise good manners and proper behaviour in school, or in attending God's house on the Sabbath-day, it is quite certain that they cannot do so elsewhere. Another great blemish in John Hancock's character was his undutiful behaviour to his parents. He neither loved, honoured, nor obeyed them as God would have all do. It is sad to think that a father and mother's love, and care, and attention for such a one, when he was unable to help himself, was so utterly unrequited. But a dark day was to come upon him at last. His father died, leaving both him and his mother destitute. For a little time he behaved better, and was a comfort to his mother. But, alas! he went back again into his old, undutiful ways; and instead of being a help to his poor, widowed mother, he was a drag upon her by his idle and vicious course of life.

"Ah! I could work with a better heart," she used often to say to her neighbours, "if I had such a son as Richard Hawtree."

Richard used to reason kindly with John Hancock, but John never liked it. At last, one day, he resented his "preachifying," as he called his young friend's advice, by dealing him a blow in the face.

He felt ashamed of this conduct, no doubt, for he absented himself from home that day; and the next thing his mother heard was, that he was in gaol for a month, for robbing an orchard. Before he came out, his mother died: his wicked conduct had broken her heart.

One evening Richard Hawtree was passing through the churchyard, when he noticed some one lying on a grave, and heard him sobbing bitterly. It was John Hancock. On leaving gaol, he returned to the village, and finding his mother dead, had sought her lowly grave in the quiet churchyard, to weep over it bitterly, but unavailing tears.

Richard invited him to come home with him, but he refused.

"I've no one to care for me now," he said. "I've broken my mother's heart. Oh, that I could have her back again! I'd work for her; I'd do her bidding; I'd —" Sobs choked his utterance. Richard wept too, out of sympathy for the poor lonely boy.

Finding that he would not be persuaded to go with him, Richard Hawtree gave him the few pence he had, and left him. On reaching home he told his father about the affair, and Mr. Hawtree told the minister of it, who sought out John Hancock, and gave him employment about his own home. For a time he did well, and showed every sign of amendment; but alas! the good minister missed him one morning, and for years afterwards nothing was heard of him.

Richard Hawtree soon after the disappearance of John Hancock reaped the reward of his good behaviour. A rich lady who frequently visited the village Sunday-school, being a friend of the minister's, took a liking to him, and gained his parents' consent to putting him to a good school, to train him for college, and eventually for the ministry. In time he left college with many honours, and the love and respect of his masters and fellow-students, and entered holy orders, as a curate in a populous London district.

As he was passing along the street one day, a dirty, ragged, wretched-looking crossing-sweeper accosted him.

"Don't you know me, sir?" he said.

Thus accosted, Richard looked; and, not recognising him, gave him a coin, and being in a hurry was moving away, when he was arrested by hearing these words—

"Don't you know John Hancock, sir, who broke his mother's heart, and has had a curse resting on him ever since?"

"John Hancock!" exclaimed he, as he looked at the wretched object before him.

"Ay, sir, I'm John Hancock. I'm greatly changed, I know; but I'm John. Can't you help me, sir, for I'm starving, and almost dying with hunger and want?"

One look at his face was sufficient to testify to the truth of this. Seeing a crowd gathering—for it does not usually take much to effect this in London—Richard slipped a couple of shillings into his hands, together with his address; and telling him to call on the morrow, hurried away.

As he walked along he was, in turn, both sad and rejoicing. He was sad to have met with one, under such painful circumstances, whom he had known in days gone by; he was rejoiced, and his heart went up in gratitude to God, for having kept himself from the ways of the transgressor. He was residing with his aged friend the lady, and on reaching home told her his adventure. Between them they determined to try and reclaim the wretched outcast, John Hancock.

He called on the morrow, but, owing to his wretched

and dirty appearance, the servant answering the door denied him admittance, and ordered him away with threats of the police.

Hearing the noise, Richard Hawtree went down, and somewhat surprised and disgusted the servant by asking John Hancock to come into the kitchen. A plentiful supply of soap and water, and a suit of cast-off clothes, made him look somewhat more respectable than he did on first calling; and before a question was put to him, he had a good breakfast placed before him. So much kindness quite overcame him, and he sobbed aloud. As soon as he was composed, Richard Hawtree heard from his lips the story of his life since the time of his sudden disappearance from the village. Alas! it was the same sad story which all have to tell who leave the paths of virtue and innocence for those of sin. He had gone on from bad to worse; and at last, being completely broken down in health, and being without a friend, was eking out a miserable living by sweeping a crossing.

"I feel I deserve it all, sir," he said, as he ended his story, "for my bad conduct to my parents. I broke my poor mother's heart, and have suffered justly for it ever since."

What a contrast the two afforded!

John Hancock, who had despised God's commandments and dishonoured his parents, was the veriest outcast conceivable.

Richard Hawtree, who had honoured his parents, was in a good position, and in the enjoyment of every blessing. He fully realised the truth of that first commandment with promise, "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The remainder of the story is soon told.

John Hancock, owing to the great kindness and encouragement shown him, became an altered man, and gave every sign of being a truly penitent one, too. But his days were not long in the land; for a year after being rescued from his wretched condition he died of consumption, and filled an early grave. Richard Hawtree continued to prosper, and was the prop of the declining years of his parents, whom it had ever been his chief delight to honour and obey.

Dear young readers, surely you will choose his part for yourselves, and emulate his conduct in your behaviour to your parents. Do so, and like him you will realise the truth of God's promise, which never yet has been known to fail. J. H.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 112.

"Stephen."—Acts vii. 54—60.

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| 1. S hebna | 2 Kings xviii. 37. |
| 2. T heudas | Acts v. 36. |
| 3. E noch | Gen. v. 24. |
| 4. P hanuel | Luke ii. 36. |
| 5. H phni | 1 Sam. iv. 11. |
| 6. E l-eloh Israel | Gen. xxxiii. 20. |
| 7. N imrod | Gen. x. 9, 10. |

M. DORÉ'S ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

ILLUSTRATED works have now become quite a necessary characteristic of Christmas time, and publishers make it a practice to retain for the end of the year the issue of the most attractive books which they can produce. To one particular class of works, announced for the Christmas season, we now propose to direct our readers' attention. We allude to those illustrated by the greatest living artist, M. Doré.

Milton's "Paradise Lost"* is the first great English composition which M. Doré has illustrated, and it is issued now for the first time with his designs, in a volume, the type, paper, binding, and engravings of which are all in keeping with the splendour of the greatest English epic. It is something to be able to say that the great expectations which were raised by the announcement that M. Doré had undertaken the illustration of this work, have been amply fulfilled. The sublime composition of the great English poet afforded subjects most congenial to the pencil of the great French artist. The alternation of the brilliant, sunny scenes of Paradise with the mysterious horrors of the infernal regions enabled Doré to display that masterly power of contrast which is peculiarly his own. The great moral thought which the poet unfolds is realised by the artist in the immensity of space and distance which he gives in each scene where the incarnation of the moral forces is depicted in the persons of devils and the scenes of Paradise. The drawings in this work produce upon the mind, in regard to things physical, an impression similar to that which the poem produces in respect to things moral.

We think that M. Doré has been peculiarly happy in his rendering of Satan. The usual representation of the chief of the devils as a brutal-faced, depraved, vulgar, ill-featured ruffian, to which we have been so often treated by ordinary artists, is entirely at variance with a true conception of his diabolical character. Satan's countenance should really be as unlike that of a mere sensual brute as mind differs from matter. In fact, the truest and profoundest description ever given of the nature of Satan is the very brief one—"mind without God." This is what M. Doré has portrayed, and, therefore, where Satan occurs in his drawings the true and proper feelings are aroused in our mind when contemplating the illustration. The scenes in Paradise glow with a heat, and life, and beauty, which enables us to realise, more entirely than perhaps we have ever yet done, the loveliness of a sinless world, and leads one on to the profound thought of what, if physical beauty were so entrancing, moral beauty must have been before the fall of man. Thus it is that M. Doré's illustrations lend a greater charm to, and enable us to form a truer appreciation of, the grand moral of Milton's sublime poem.

* Milton's "Paradise Lost." Edited, with Notes and a Life of Milton, by R. Vaughan, D.D. With Fifty Illustrations by G. Doré. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

It too often happens that when extraordinary attention is bestowed upon the illustration of a classic, the literary department of the edition is neglected or ignored. In this respect, however, care has been taken by the publishers that this edition shall not be open to such complaint. The text is edited and annotated by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D., and a life of Milton, by the same author, is prefixed to the volume. The life is written in Dr. Vaughan's usual terse, manly, vigorous style.

Tennyson's exquisite poem "Elaine"† is also issued, in a very beautiful volume, by Messrs. Moxon, containing nine illustrations on steel, from drawings by M. Doré, which are in every respect worthy of the subject and the artist's reputation.

Another work of M. Doré's deserving of much praise is the English edition of "The Wandering Jew."‡ The old legend, containing a fine meaning and moral—that of a Jew condemned by our Lord to wander about the world until his coming again—is marvellously realised in Doré's splendid drawings. Over land and sea, through busy towns and lonely graveyards, we see the unhappy wretch wandering without finding even the rest of death, and ever present to his fevered imagination is the figure of Him whom he reviled—the Crucified One. To those delighting in noble illustration, and yet unable to afford the more expensive Milton, this volume of the "Wandering Jew" will be acceptable.

We must not omit to mention the superb volume of "Don Quixote"§ which M. Doré has illustrated. Well bound, well printed, and lavishly illustrated, this volume is deserving of much praise. To our readers, it will be a great commendation of it to know that from this edition of Cervantes' immortal work every sentence has been omitted which could offend against morality or religion. In the biographical notice of Cervantes prefixed to this edition, it is pointed out that the real meaning of this most melancholy and brilliant of human compositions is to ridicule false estimates of Christian duty. Thus, while the reader is amused with the knight's adventures, and laughs over the grotesque illustrations of his misfortunes, he can thank God that this false and spurious estimate of Christian duty has been preached, and written, and laughed out of the world, and be grateful for our truer knowledge of the real spirit of the faith of Christendom.

The first sectional volume of Doré's Illustrated Bible, which at the time of its first issue was noticed at length in THE QUIVER, is also announced.

• "Elaine." By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated with Nine Full-page Drawings by G. Doré, engraved on steel by Baker, Hall, Jones, &c. London: Edward Moxon and Co.

† "The Legend of the Wandering Jew." Twelve Compositions by G. Doré. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

‡ "Don Quixote." With about 400 Illustrations by G. Doré. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.